



## A LITERARY AND CRITICAL GAZETTE.

VOL. 2.

PHILADELPHIA, FEBRUARY 7, 1829.

NO. 21.

### SELECT TALES.

From the Western Souvenir.

#### CHETOCA, OR THE MAD BUFFALO.

The following facts are given on the authority of Major Davenport of the army, an officer of high and respectable standing, and who was conversant with all the circumstances. They are presented, without embellishment, as no art can add to the simple and deep interest of the unadorned recital.

It will be necessary to premise, that the Osage Indians occupy an extensive tract of country on the north and west of the Arkansas territory. The game continued to be abundant throughout this region, until the whites began to intrude upon their hunting grounds. Killing the buffalo for the tongue and skins alone, the whites committed great havoc among them, and the animals continually attacked, receded from the scene of slaughter. The government of the United States, to protect these and other Indians from such unjust invasions of their territory, passed a law prohibiting our citizens from hunting on the Indian lands. This wholesome law was often evaded, and its violation was the more distressing to the Osages, as the game had already become scarce; and being hemmed in to the westward by the Pawnees, a powerful and warlike tribe, with whom they are always at war, they were unable to extend their hunting grounds in that direction.

In the spring of 1824, a party consisting of three or four whites, as many half-breed Indians, and a negro, disregarding the law, went from the borders of the Arkansas territory to hunt in the Indian lands.—They were discovered by a party of Osages, led by Chetoca Washenpesha, or the Mad Buffalo, the most famous war-chief of that tribe. Mistaking the hunters, as they afterwards stated, for Indians of an unfriendly nation, they attacked and killed several of the party. But upon ascertaining the character of those who had fallen, they expressed much regret: "We fear," said they, "that this will make some trouble." Some of them even melted into tears.

As always happens in such cases, the affair produced much excitement among the inhabitants on the frontier, whose fears and passions are always excited by the slightest insult from their warlike neighbors. The aggressor was demanded from their tribe by the commandant of the American troops stationed on the Neotio River. After much consultation among themselves, and upon frequent reiteration of the demand, they met in council at the garrison, to the number of three or four

hundred. They formed themselves into a circle to hold their talk after their own fashion. The demand was again repeated, and an appeal made to them, enforcing the necessity of their compliance, and the evil consequences which might result from a refusal. At length the Mad Buffalo rose with great dignity, and coming forward, declared himself to have been the leader of the party accused. He said that he had taken the hunters for a party of unfriendly Indians; and did not know that there were any whites among them, until after the deed was done. He expressed his willingness to make any atonement for the wrong which he had ignorantly committed against the children of his great father, (the president) and stepping into the middle of the ring, "I deliver myself up," said he to the American commandant, "to be dealt with as may be thought proper." Five other warriors immediately followed his example. They were taken in charge, and held in close custody at the fort for a few days, and then sent under a strong guard down the Arkansas to Little Rock, distant about three hundred miles. During the first or second nights of their journey, one of them slipped off his hand-cuffs, and made his escape. Mad Buffalo was very much distressed about the event. He spoke of the deserter with vehement indignation, as a coward who had disgraced the nation and himself.

At the mouth of the Porto they met with Maj. Davenport, who had been known to Mad Buffalo and his people for about two years, and whose frank and soldierly deportment had won their confidence. They expressed great pleasure at this meeting, and consulted with him as a friend respecting their situation. He explained to them, as well as he could, the nature of their offence; and that under the laws of the United States, they would have to be tried for murder, by a court of justice, under the civil authority, and if found guilty would be punished with death by hanging. He advised them to employ counsel to defend them, as our own citizens did under similar circumstances.

The Mad Buffalo seemed to be much moved by this explanation, and for the first time to comprehend his real situation. He told Major Davenport that he had expected to appear before a council of warriors like himself, who would decide on principles of honor, and the particular circumstances, whether he had violated the plighted faith between his tribe and the children of his great father. He did not expect, he said, to be tried by laws, of which he was ignorant, and which, as it

appeared to him, very unjustly affixed the punishment to his offence beforehand. He requested Major Davenport to act as his counsel.—But he declined, assuring the chief, that not being a lawyer, he could render him no service; and that it was, besides, impossible for him to leave his post to attend a trial at a spot so distant.

On the following morning the Mad Buffalo appeared much dejected, and told Major Davenport that he knew not how to act; that he knew not what his fate would be, nor what in justice it ought to be.—He exhibited no symptoms of fear or alarm.—But all the unyielding pride and stubborn prejudices of the Indian character were aroused, as he looked at the approaching crisis.

He again desired Major Davenport to speak for him, and delivered to him his war club as a token that he made him his deputy, with full power to act for him in every emergency. He requested the Major to show the war club to Claimore, the principal chief of the Osages, who, on seeing that symbol, would do whatever he required of him.

"When I saw you yesterday," said he, "I felt as if I had seen my father.—I know you to be my friend.—Go to Claimore, show him my war-club.—Whatever you think ought to be done for me, tell Claimore and he will do it."

They parted, the one for Little Rock, the other for the post on Neotio river.—On their arrival at the Rock, a smith was sent for to remove the manacles from the arms of the prisoners, previous to their being confined in jail.—But the Buffalo, without waiting for assistance, threw the irons from his wrist, and turning to the officer who had charge of him—

"Go," said he, "and tell your colonel that the Mad Buffalo could have escaped at any moment he pleased, but would not. Tell him that I gave myself up to the white people to answer for what I had done.—I expected to be tried immediately by a council of warriors, without being confined. They said they must tie my arms—and I would not refuse.—They said I must be brought here—and I come without resistance."

Major Davenport saw Claimore, showed him the war-club, advised him to employ counsel for his people below, and told him that the Buffalo wished him to attend his trial, and see justice done him.—Claimore refused to attend the trial, as he considered it not safe to trust himself amongst enemies; but offered five hundred dollars for counsel, which was accepted and paid.

When the trial came on at the Rock, no exertions, corresponding with the impor-

tance of the case, were made for the prisoners. No legal evidence was produced against them, nor a case made out to warrant conviction. Three of them were acquitted. But as it was thought necessary by the politic jury to make an example which should strike terror among the Indians, the Mad Buffalo and the Little Eagle were selected as victims to the prejudice and vengeance of the neighboring whites; the Buffalo on account of his influence in the tribe, and the Eagle because the lot happened to fall upon him.

The Buffalo behaved during the trial with the same resignation, the same calm courage and dignity, as he had all along exhibited. He and the Eagle were condemned to be hung; and the three who were committed returned to their tribe.

The sons of the Buffalo, some of whom were quite grown up, frequently visited Major Davenport at the garrison, and always requested to see the war-club.—After they heard that their father was condemned, and they despaired of again seeing him, they requested the Major to give them the war-club. They would often secretly and silently examine it; while the tears would roll down their cheeks.—He promised to give it to the eldest of the sons when it should be ascertained that their father never would return, but not before.

The Buffalo declared he would not submit to be hung by the neck, and made some unsuccessful attempts to destroy himself.—They were respited from time to time by the acting governor, who took occasion to visit them in the prison.—Upon being introduced the Buffalo made him a speech, in which he expressed his sentiments in loud, figurative, and fearless language.—In the midst of his speech the Eagle touched him, and told him, that in speaking so loud he might give offence.—“Give offence!” replied Buffalo indignantly, “am not I a man as well as he?”

Much interest was made by Major Davenport, Governor M’Nair, and some others to obtain their pardon.—After about a year’s imprisonment they were finally pardoned by President Adams, soon after entering upon the duties of office in 1825. They were liberated at the Rock, and supplied by the people at the village with a gun, ammunition, and provisions for their journey home.

Such, however, are the jealousy and hatred existing between the frontier settlers and the Indians, that, to avoid the danger of being shot on the way, it was necessary for them to take a circuit round the settlements of more than three hundred miles. With this view they took the direction of the mountains between Arkansas and Red Rivers, laying close by day and travelling by night, and following the chain of mountains, until they had passed the last settlement.

Here they were so much exhausted with hunger, swelled legs, and sore feet, that they could proceed no further; and to add to their other sufferings, the Buffalo was taken sick.—The Eagle left him with a view of saving himself, and, if possible, of sending relief to his companion. Left to himself, the Buffalo heated a stone, and, by applying it to his breast, was greatly relieved.—He again pursued his journey, passed the Eagle on the way without knowing when or where, and arrived at the garrison at Grand River, so much emaciated that Major Davenport did not know him.—He had not felt safe until he reached this point; and he could not give utterance to his joy and gratitude, except by emphatic gestures and inarticulate sounds. Major Davenport gave him his war club, supplied him with a horse and

provisions, and sent him on to his tribe.—The Little Eagle arrived soon after, and was sent on in the same manner.

The document containing their pardon was soon afterwards sent on, and delivered to them.—But they could not comprehend its meaning.—As it was a large paper, and such as had been presented to them to sign, when they gave away their lands, they viewed it with jealousy and alarm.—After recruiting their strength a little, the Buffalo and Eagle, accompanied by about two hundred of the Osages, returned to the garrison to learn what the big paper meant.—On its being read and explained to them, and being told that it said nothing about their lands, they went away perfectly satisfied, expressing the most friendly disposition towards their great father, the president.

Thus terminated the affray and trial of the Mad Buffalo, and his companions—strongly illustrating the character of these rude sons of the forest, their views of civilized jurisprudence, and the absurdity, if not injustice of making them amenable to the laws, of which they must be wholly ignorant.

From the Literary Port Folio.

### THE BONNET.

By Miss Harriet Muzzy.

It has been often remarked that great effects are often produced by small causes, and observation and experience prove the assertion to be true. The cause, however, of which we are about to speak, was far enough from being a small one; and indeed it may admit of a doubt whether the cause was not of greater magnitude than the effect. However, we will leave our readers to judge for themselves, and tell our story just as it was told to us.

At a private ball, during the Christmas holidays, Frank Trevors, danced with the beautiful Lucy Modley, and it was sufficiently evident to all the company, that his heart was irrecoverably gone. Lucy herself thought so; and she was not a very vain girl—but it was impossible to misunderstand the many fine things he said to her, especially when he spoke of “having so agreeable a partner,”—and then sighed, and looked sentimental, and hinted something about “such a partner for a much longer term than one evening.” We do not perhaps, remember the exact words, but we can guess pretty nearly what they were, and their import is generally much the same in all cases. Indeed, the fashion of making love, at the present day is, as far as we can learn, much safer than formerly. In the days of our grandmothers, a lover found himself obliged to speak out, or “burst in ignorance” of his fair one’s sentiments towards him. Now, a remote hint is thought sufficient for the lady’s penetration, and the gentleman, by this proceeding, runs no risk in committing himself prematurely, if ever. But we have fallen into a bad habit of digressing, and we wander from our subject, and become entangled in a maze of reflections, more intricate than the famous “labyrinth of Woodstock,” and alas! without keeping fast hold of the thread of our subject, which might serve as a clue to guide us out again. However, Frank Trevors danced with Lucy Modley, fell in love, hinted at his passion, waited on her home, dreamed of her all night, when he dreamed at all, and the next morning arose with a fixed determination to—call and enquire after her health, if she “got no cold;” &c. So he went at the fashionable hour for morning calls; and saw Lucy looking di-

vinely; he looked over and over again, all that he had looked on the preceding evening—received an invitation to take tea the following afternoon, and left the house more in love than when he entered.

The next evening Frank was true to his appointed hour—but met with rather a formal reception from the elegant Lucy, which, contrasted with her affability the preceding day, and on the night of the ball, puzzled as well as afflicted him. By degrees, however, it wore off, and she became as usual, all gaiety and sweetness. Frank was by this time seriously in love; and as he was not a resident in the city, but only on a visit which must terminate in a few days, he resolved to know his fate from the lips of his enchantress previous to his departure. He repeated his visits, and soon found an opportunity of making known his passion to his fair enslaver, who heard him with condescending sweetness, which encouraged him to hope that she was not insensible to his attachment. Judge then what must have been his astonishment when, on calling to see her the next evening, she received him with the most mortifying coldness, and scarcely deigned to notice his polite inquiries after her health. As other company was present, our crest-fallen hero could not demand any explanation of this seeming enigma. But after a night and day spent in revolving the problem in his mind, he sallied forth, determined to try his fortune once more. He was told that Miss Modley was “not at home,” although he had seen her blue eyes through the window-blind, as he rang the bell at the door. This was too much. Half frantic, he flew to his lodgings, wrote a letter to her, sent it by a trusty messenger, and waited “upon thorns” until his return. There was no answer to the letter—and now his agony was at its climax! He flew to a young lady with whom he knew Lucy was intimate, he had seen her but twice, but he must make a confident of some one, and in his dilemma he selected her. She received him politely,—listened to the story of his woes, laughed heartily, and then informed him, that Miss Modley had informed her in confidence, that “she considered herself insulted by Mr. Trevors; for that although he had called often to see her, and been received with distinguished attention in her father’s house, and had there professed for herself a more than common regard, he had been guilty of the most insulting conduct towards her, by passing her four times in the street, without lifting his hat, or even appearing to see her, although she saw him look that way!” To this statement, Trevors could only plead his innocence of the charge, and begged the young lady to convey his message to her friend, and be his mediatrice. She consented, ran up stairs for her bonnet to go immediately. Trevors saw the bonnet upon the young lady’s head; his thoughts, since he came to the city, had been so full of Lucy, that he had not noticed the prevailing fashion. A new idea struck him, and starting from his chair, he seized his companion by the arm, exclaiming “does she, does Lucy, wear such a hat as that?” “Yes, to be sure,” was the reply. Trevors waited for no more; he flew from the house like a madman, ran to Mr. Modley’s, rushed past the servant at the door, reached the parlour, and flying up to Lucy, threw himself on one knee, exclaiming, half-breathless, “Oh, pardon, pardon! Lucy, Miss Modley!—it was not my fault—it was your bonnet!”

Lucy forgave him when all was explained.—He had met her, but happened to be



on the other side of the bonnet, she thought he was looking at her, but he was only looking that way, he might have gazed on crimson vacancy—as that side of the bonnet hid her entirely from his view. Lucy threw away the bonnet, and never wore it again—until after she was married.

#### ROMANCE IN REAL LIFE.

When the late Earl of Exeter was in his minority, he married a lady of the name and family of Vernon, of Haubury, Worcestershire, from whom he was afterwards divorced. After the separation had taken place, Lord Exeter, his uncle, advised him, (then the Hon. Mr. Cecil,) to retire into the country for some time, and pass for a private gentleman. He complied with the request, and took his course for a retired part of Shropshire.—There fixing his residence for some time at an inn in the small village of Hodnet, he became liberal to an unexampled degree to all about him. Some people in the neighborhood formed suspicious notions of him, surmising that he was a rogue in disguise, and accordingly shunned his company. Others took him for an Indian Nabob, or some eminent personage in disguise, and frequently he heard the rustic exclaim, "there goes the gentleman."—Taking a dislike at this situation, he looked out for board at some farm house; but here again was a difficulty. Few families cared to take him because he was too fine a gentleman. At last, in consideration of the liberal offers that he made, a farmer agreed to fit him up a room. Here he continued under the name of Mr. Jones for about two years, apparently contented with his retirement. He used occasionally to go to London for a short time, for the purpose, as the country people supposed, of collecting his rents, but in reality to resume the dignity and society of his station.

During this reclusive life, time frequently hung heavy on his hands, and he purchased some land with the view of building upon it. The workmen were at first averse to undertake it, and he did not choose to oppose or expostulate with them, as it might tend to a discovery. But on his lordship's offering to pay a certain sum in advance, it was agreed that his design should be executed.

About this time, too, he undertook the superintendence of the roads, the management of the poor's rates, &c. all of which offices he filled with so much skill and discernment as surprised and astonished the neighborhood.

He ventured also to pay his addresses to a young woman, a farmer's daughter, but was not attended to from motives of caution, not being known sufficiently to be trusted. The person at whose house he lived being less scrupulous than the rest, permitted him to pay his addresses to his daughter, whose rustic beauty and modesty he admired. And although the maiden was placed in a humble lot, his lordship soon discovered that her virtues would one day shed a lustre on a more exalted station. On the farmer's return from his labor in the field, the Hon. Mr. Cecil, (as Mr. Jones) made proposals of marriage, and craved the consent of the female's parents. "What!" exclaimed Mrs. Higgins, the farmer's wife, "marry our daughter to a fine gentleman, a stranger? No indeed." "But yes," replied her husband; "the gentleman has house and land, and plenty of money, and there is no exception to his conduct." Consent being obtained, the match was made up, and in twelve months, by the aid of proper mas-

ters, the charming young country girl became an accomplished lady.

Shortly after this event, the Right Hon. Brownlow Cecil, Earl of Exeter, died, and his nephew succeeded to his title and estates. This obliged him to leave his much-loved retirement and hasten to town.—He took his wife along with him, but said nothing of her new honors and exalted station. In this way he called at several noblemen and gentlemen's seats, and at length arrived at Burlington House, the seat of his noble ancestors, near Stamford. The road was lined with gentlemen and tenantry, assembled to welcome their new lord and lady. They entered in their carriage through the Gothic porch, which was hung round with flowers and evergreens, and passed up the avenue shaded by the old trees. "Oh," said she, "what a paradise is this?" The Earl could contain himself no longer, but exclaimed—"It is thine, dear, and thou art the Countess of Exeter!" She fell back in the carriage and fainted with joy. They arrived at the house, her ladyship being recovered, and were welcomed with every demonstration of respect and affection.

Having settled his affairs to his satisfaction, he returned to Shropshire, disclosed his rank, and placed his father-in-law in the mansion that he had built in the country, and settled him with the annuity of 500*l*. per annum. Afterwards he took the Countess to London, and introduced her to the fashionable world, where she was universally admired and esteemed.

**TURKISH WOMEN.**—The Turkish women—says Mr. Embury—are beautiful, though their beauty is of a different character from that of European females. Their eyes are blue and bland, their hair luxuriant, their faces fresh and rosy, and their persons possess great symmetry of proportion.

A lady whose virtue, like Emilia's, "hung rather loosely on her," and who had been thrown into a fever by various strictures on her character, had, we're told, an intention of purchasing them, in order to gratify our curiosity, and ascertain the mode of conducting such inhuman sales. The maidens were introduced to us one after another. Their deportment was graceful and modest to diffidence. The first girl presented was in her sixteenth year. She was elegantly dressed, and her face was covered with a veil, through which her blue eyes, as well as neck and shoulders—which rivalled the Parian marble in whiteness—shone like stars piercing a black cloud. She advanced towards the German, bowed down, and kissed his hand; then, at the command of her master, she walked backward and forward in the tent to show her fine figure and the easiness of her carriage; she then raised her robe, so as to show the beautiful delicacy of a foot, that would have charmed a Praxiteles. When she took off her veil, our eyes were dazzled with the surprising loveliness of her face, in which the lily and the rose were blended on the cheeks of blooming youthfulness. Her tresses, as black as ebony, fell carelessly over her bust; and when she smiled—for smile she did, and appeared much pleased with the exhibition—she discovered teeth of dazzling whiteness and enamel. She rubbed her cheeks with a wet napkin, to prove that she had not used art to improve or heighten the bloom of her complexion. We were permitted to feel her pulse, that we might be convinced of the good state of her health and constitution. She then retired with all the agility of one of Diana's nymph's coming out

of the fountain. Her attractive charms won the heart of my German friend, who purchased this lovely girl for four thousand piasters.

Barrymore happening to come late to the theatre, and having to dress for his part, was driven to the last moment, when to heighten his perplexity, the key of his drawer was missing. "D—n it," said he, "I must have swallowed it." "Never mind," says Jack Bannister, coolly,— "if you have, it will serve to open your chest."

**SELF ESTEEM.**—Some Frenchmen who had landed on the coast of Guinea, found a negro prince seated under a tree, on a block of wood for his throne, and three or four negroes armed with wooden pikes for his guards. His sable majesty inquired, Do they talk much of me in France.

A widow in Alloa has a son who, last season, commanded a ship in the whale fishery. His ship was lost, and he wrote home to his mother, that, after his disaster, he had fortunately found out, and was coming home (*Scotice*) with the *North Pole*—a ship now in Leith Harbor. The old woman on reading the news, was in raptures, and exclaimed—our John's a made man at last! He has found out the *North Pole*, and is bringing it home wi' him! A braw reward, nae doubt, he'll get frae the Government.

**NEW-YEAR'S TAX.**—The custom of making a levy on the pocket in the shape of New Year's presents, is very humorously treated in the Boston Galaxy. A girl went to a respectable merchant, and said, "Papa wishes you a happy new year, and says he will take the pay in loaf sugar."

Because the following has been published very often, it is no reason, seeing 'tis a good thing, why it should not be published again; especially as it is some years since it went the rounds of the newspapers. It was written by some eastern wag, and originally appeared in the *Bellows Falls Intelligencer*. The occasion which brought it forth, was a petition in the Vermont Legislature, to lay a tax on dogs. A friend to the canine race displayed his friendship in this squib. It contains some good hits at a certain class of politicians, whose principles are the most convenient things about them.

#### TO MY DOG JOWLER.

Jowler! they've taxed ye, honest friend,  
Assessed ye, put ye on the roll;  
To exile every dog they'll send,  
Unless some friend will pay his poll.

By all that's good! the rascals meant  
'Tween you and me to breed a strife,  
To drive you into banishment,  
Or bribe your friend to take your life,

But Jowler! dont you be alarmed  
If politicians do neglect ye,  
For all their tax ye shan't be harmed—  
I love, and honor, and respect ye.

But taxes, says the constitution,  
Convey the right to represent,  
So dogs, by this same resolution,  
May, just as well as men, be sent.

Now dogs, and men, and voters hear!  
That Jowler's put in nomination,  
To go, upon the coming year,  
And aid in public legislation.

Jowler, steer clear of demagogues,  
Steer clear of the minority,  
Take care to snuff of other dogs,  
And vote with the majority.

From the New York Evening Post.

The following address, one of those offered for the prize at the late opening of Walnut Street Theatre, in Philadelphia, is published from a manuscript copy.

The author is a gentleman of that city, whose poetical effusions have appeared under the signature of "W. G. C." We think it altogether superior to the address which gained the prize, in the essential spirit of poetry, though all the lines are not equally good. The truth is, that the prizes given on these occasions are scarcely worth contending for by our youthful writers. So many pieces of very moderate degree of merit, have appeared at different times under the title of prize addresses, that success in such a competition now confers no merit.

#### ADDRESS.

As when the slumberer, in his dreaming flight,  
Wrapt in a trance of ravishing delight,  
Marks a rich glow invest the pictured sky,  
Too pure and bright for dull reality;  
While his mind's eye, all radiant and clear,  
Sees angel forms in the blue atmosphere—  
Feels a new Heaven enkindling in his soul,  
The gleam of thought, beyond Earth's chill control;  
Thus, blest, and blessing, to our thankful sight,  
Beauty and taste have gathered here to-night;—  
Man's proud applause, and woman's gentler mood,  
Throw round the heart a spell of gratitude;  
As, lagging Time with interest to beguile,  
We bask again in your approving smile.

The Stage! That painter of life's little hour,  
What noble hearts have bowed them to its pow'r!  
When, in proud Greece its opening dawn appeared,  
Fame, loud and bright, the scenic hero cheered;  
Warrior and Sage, the mighty of the past,  
Blessed the mild radiance from the Drama cast—  
While classic Athens poured a deathless ray,  
On the bard's pure and elevated lay!

Then swept oblivion:—Till by Avon's stream,  
Was shed the magic of a Poet's dream;  
Immortal *Shakespeare* seized Apollo's lyre,  
With fearless hand he swept its strings of fire;  
While, from the spell of her Egyptian night,  
Arose sweet Thalia into song and light.

Behold her glories with observant eye—  
Her temple here, life's mimic earth and sky,  
Where the wrapt Artist waves his magic wand,  
And changeful Nature springs to his command:—  
Where soft Euterpe pours the melting strain,  
And light winged fancy spreads her gay domain;  
Where careless Pleasure, in her vernal bower,  
Wakes the warm dreams which gild life's morning hour;—

With brow all gladness, and with cheek all bloom  
Weaves her bright chaplet-rife with rich perfume;  
While Love's clear voice falls on the enraptured ear,  
And Hebe dances thro' her flowering year!

Here shall high Genius to the view be given,  
While his wing glitters in the glow of heaven;—  
His tireless plume shall pour empyrean light,  
In floods of glory on the astonished sight;—  
Here Vice appall'd, will shun the burning eye,  
The steadfast gaze of searching Scrutiny:—  
Satire will point at Folly's wild career,  
And frolic Wit bid his gay train appear!

Here, too, shall Tragedy, with gloomy brow,  
Look o'er the faded Past, which shone but now;  
Bid Memory call from lost existence back,  
The withered buds that strew its shadow'd track;  
Bend o'er the ashes of the dull, cold urn,  
While voiceless thoughts her wasted spirit burn.  
She weeps! that hope hath lost the seraph smile,  
The song that once could her lone heart beguile;  
When o'er the Earth her golden beams were flung,  
And music melted from the enchanter's tongue;  
She marks each ray that cheer'd life's scene, de-  
part—

While the grave waits to clasp her broken heart!

Friends, whom we love! To you the lot is given,  
With orient light to strew our dawning heaven—  
To pour a gladness o'er its new-born sky,  
Though Bigots frown, with cold averted eye, —  
To list the teachings, drawn from history's scroll,  
To drink in music with delighted soul:—  
As with their pageantry, their smile and sigh,  
Eve's hallowed hours, like hastening dreams go by,  
While Fashion, Taste and Age, with look serene,  
Shall sit pleas'd umpires of each changing scene!

Long may these walls be lit in Beauty's glow,  
And manhood's smiles seem eloquent as now;  
Long may delight be kindled in each face  
Which beams in kindness on our opening race;  
Till deepening shadows pall the night of Age,  
And Death shall sweep us from life's varied Stage.

ISAAC B. DESHA.—This monster is said to have died in jail in Texas, the day before his trial for the murder of Early was to have taken place. His apprehen-

sion and some of the circumstances of his last crime, we announced upon the authority of Thomas M. Duke, Esq., a gentleman well known in this state. There can be no mistake as to the individual—Mr. Duke knew him from his likeness to his father, and from his breathing through a silver tube, which it will be recollected was inserted by his physician in his throat—after he attempted suicide in the Cynthia jail. Besides, he confessed to Mr. D. that he was Desha, though he had previously passed by another name. The horrid murder of Baker, and the subsequent conduct of his father, who happened at the time to be Governor of Kentucky, every body remembers. The murder of Early was equally atrocious. As in the former case, Desha and Early were fellow-travellers. The motive in both instances was the same—and the double crime of murder and highway robbery has no doubt been twice perpetrated by the same individual. We learn from the Ohio papers that Early left home last spring for New Orleans; from thence he proceeded in March to Texas, to purchase a drove of mules. He had invested, before he left home, nearly his whole property in produce for the New Orleans market.—His wife is now a widow, with nine orphan children, the youngest at the breast—all left destitute and wretched. What a picture is here for those who used their influence to screen Desha from the gallows at Cynthia, and at last let him loose to prey upon his fellow men.

#### THINGS IN GENERAL.

The following pathetic soliloquy, says an Edinburgh paper, we found written on a 100l. note of the national bank, which passed through our hands lately, and we are sorry we can now add our sympathies to those of our poet on the transitory nature of those emblems.

The Dublin Evening Post gives an account of a new miracle by Prince Hohenlohe, who has restored to perfect health a woman in the last stage of consumption.

For the last year the proceeds of the marriage and tavern license, in Delaware state amounted to 2,210 dollars. This is expended upon the general system of education of that state.

At the Red House, the great rendezvous of the English pigeon shooters, 16,070 birds were shot at, and 8,764 killed last season.

A chestnut tree, at Fortworth, Gloucestershire, England, is certainly 673 years old, and probably 1100 years old. The circumference of the trunk is 62 feet.

A fire broke out in a grocery store in Charlestown neck about half past eleven o'clock on Thursday night. On breaking open the door, and discovering that the fire was very near two kegs of powder, it was thought prudent not to enter. In a few minutes both kegs blew up and demolished the building. The explosion was distinctly heard at Boston, a distance of two or three miles.

The number of the Militia for Delaware is 9000 and the sets of Uniform 1400.

The editor of the Wilmington (Del.) Advertiser, makes the following very liberal offer:—"To any farmer who is now, or may become a subscriber to this paper, by the first day of May, (planting corn time) that shall, the approaching season, raise from one acre of land, the greatest quantity of merchantable Indian corn, we will give a Gold Medal valued at \$20, a Silver Tankard of the same value, or the like amount in cash, at the option of the person entitled to the premium."

A resolution was offered, in the New York Assembly, on Wednesday, to supply each member with a pen-knife, stamp, and paper-cutter. It was moved to amend it by adding a razor.

Much injury has been done to fruit and ornamental trees, in New England, within a few days past, by the immense quantities of ice which have accumulated on them.

An English writer says, "in some places apples are split, and two kinds of cider made; that with the red side being of a superior quality to what the whole apple would make." (This is like seeking a cold slice on the north side of a ponderous pudding.)

New York, Jan. 19.—The printing office of Mr. Wm. A. Mercier, corner of Burling slip and Pearl street, was broken open between Saturday night and this morning. The front door was first forced and also the door leading to the printing office. This was rather a singular proceeding, as rogues ought to know, that, if money is their object, printing offices are the last places in the world to look for it. On Saturday night many of the lockers belonging to the Butchers in Fulton Market were forced open, and large quantities of beef taken away.

Mr. Owen has left Lanark for Mexico. His plan was to make arrangements with the Mexican government, for so much of their territory as is needful for a fair trial of his experiment, and then to visit New Harmony, and attend the celebrated meeting, as the Scotch paper has it, "appointed to be held somewhere in Ohio in April next, to discuss the question on which he sent forth a challenge last spring, namely, the truth or falsehood of the Christian religion."

We were on Saturday shown a note which at first sight we supposed to be a genuine bill of the Philadelphia Bank, but on inspection found it to be an individual promissory note, payable at the Philadelphia Bank. The engraving was neatly executed, and the skill displayed in arranging the words in different forms renders the deception exceedingly imperfect, and appears to be of a kind likely to impose upon the ignorant and unwary.

John C. Rogers of Saybrook, has killed a pig 10 months old, weighing 642 pounds. Can Old England beat this?—*Middlesex Sentinel*. Beat what, Mr. Sentinel?—the Pig or the Story.

The Quebec papers say that the alarm, on account of the failure of the wheat harvest, has increased since the grain has been generally threshed.

For more than two years, it is said, no failure of men of business of any note has occurred at Rochester, N. Y. although an immense business has been done there.

In Dryden, N. Y. a hair ball was taken from the stomach of a fatted hog, two years old. It was oval, 10 1-2 by 15 inches in circumference. The *Ithaca Journal* says—"We have frequently seen and read of similar balls being found in cattle; but never before of one found in the stomach of a swine; the digestive powers of this animal are considered equal to the solution of a brick-bat!"

There are now in operation—to say nothing of those in the progress of erection—thirteen flour mills in Rochester, N. Y. within the compass of two miles, containing in all fifty-seven runs of stone—each run capable of making six thousand barrels of flour per annum.

Mr. Hazard, of the Federal Street Theatre, Boston, has been severely wounded by a fall upon his sword. He is not dangerously injured it is believed, as the sword entered the fleshy part of the thigh.

The celebrated horse, Colonel, has been purchased by the King for 4000 sovereigns, confirming the general opinion that he is the best horse in England.

The prosecution of that great national work, the Thames Tunnel, has been entirely abandoned. Want of funds is said to be the sole cause of this unfortunate termination to so noble an undertaking.

A society has been formed in Bennington, Vermont, by a band of thirty or forty hard working men, for the purpose of abstinence in the use of ardent spirits. By the rules of the society every member is bound to report the quantity of spirits used by himself and family. The result has been good. By the last reports not a drop had been used by the members for the last month.

A fire occurred in Charleston, S. C. on the 11th ult, by which two or three buildings and a black woman were burned.

A bill has been introduced into the legislature of New Jersey, prepared by General Carson, of Middlesex, with much labor, skill and care, for the revision and consolidation of the whole criminal code of the state. The *Trenton Emporium* says, "it unites in one grand whole the scattered detachments of the criminal laws of the state, and renders them easy of understanding and easy to be found."



We invite the attention of our readers to the following poem. There are flashes of true poetic brilliancy contained in it, which the literary reader will not fail to discover, though the opening line may not be so harmonious as it might be. Other favors from the same unknown pen will always be acceptable.

FOR THE ARIEL.

### JESUS AT THE GRAVE OF LAZARUS.

Now to the grave they silent came and slow,  
Two tender sisters in the garb of woe.  
O'er their fair necks their shining hair was flung,  
And many a tear on the long eye-lash hung,  
While the deep sigh escap'd the heaving breast,  
And told the story of a heart impress'd  
With heavy grief.—The sisters stood, and wept,  
O'er the cold grave wherein their brother slept.  
And is there none, who, at that grave appears,  
To soothe their sorrows and to wipe their tears?  
No kind consoling voice to whisper peace,  
And bid the anguish in their bosom cease?  
Or do they weep without one tender friend  
To soothe their woe, as o'er that grave they bend?  
Nay, there is one who marks their heaving sigh,  
With furrow'd brow and melancholy eye;  
He speaks but seldom, and his words are brief,  
Yet well discerns the deepness of their grief;  
Within his eye the tear is seen to start,  
Rich from the casket of his feeling heart!  
Now dry upon his cheek, but large and round,  
They fall like dew on the unconscious ground,  
But mark! He wipes the falling tears away,  
While o'er his features beams a heavenly ray;  
And now he breathes in accents mildly there,  
"Father I thank thee, thou hast heard my pray'r,"  
Then to the grave he came of him he lov'd,  
And all his soft humanity was mov'd.  
The scene was touching, and the group around,  
Gaz'd on the Saviour—then upon the ground,  
As at the grave he stood with outstretch'd hand,  
And like a God breath'd forth his great command:  
"Laz'rus come forth!" and with life-giving breath,  
Charm'd the pale sleeper from the grasp of death.

From the Washington City Chronicle.

### HOLLINGSWORTHIANA.

The club must hail him master of the joke.

POPE.

I presume there are few of my readers who are entirely unacquainted with the reputation of the late Judge Hollingsworth, of Maryland, whose lively conversational powers rendered him the choice guest of so many convivial meetings. Having had the pleasure of his acquaintance for some time previous to his death, I was enabled to collect many of his sayings and pungent witticisms, which had been floating about in society. His mind, however, appeared to be saturated with information on every subject, that perhaps some diligent person in his anecdotalage, may, in reference to some of the *bon mots*, apply to him what Sheridan said of Dundas, "that he was indebted to his memory for his jests, and to his imagination for his facts." Many of his repartees might figure to advantage along with the most brilliant ones of Norbury, Rogers, or Parr.

D.

The judge was thus addressed by a gentleman, named *Hollins*; "I think my name much prettier than yours—Hollingsworth is so long!" "But you know answered the wit, "that

"Worth makes the man, and want of it the fellow."

Some gentlemen were talking, at the Athenæum, about the number of private memoirs lately published; and it was observed that the authors of these autobiographies must find it a profitable employment. "Aye," exclaimed Mr. H. "and one that shows a great deal of courage." How so. "Because they take care to sell their lives as dearly as possible."

Monsieur *Avis* had a country seat near Baltimore, which he so much neglected that it became overgrown with weeds. On this being mentioned to Mr. H. he exclaimed—"Rara *Avis* in terris!"

According to Symmes' and Reynolds' theory, there is a large opening at each pole. One of the candidates for the Maryland Legislature, a few years ago, told the Judge he feared that he had little chance of being elected. "In Mr. Reynolds' opinion, (answered he) you are certainly mistaken, for he appears firmly persuaded there is still a great opening at the poles!"

An elephant being advertised as newly arrived in some town, it was asked if he was to remain any time. "I suppose so," gravely answered Mr. H. "for I observed he brought a very large trunk with him."

A French gentleman, named Planche, who had a wife yclept *Molly*, had met with losses which preyed on his spirits, and affected his health. The judge calling on them as they were finishing their dinner, helped himself and them to a glass of wine, Exclaiming—

"Sick tu sapiens finire memento  
Tristitiam . . . Molly, Planche, mero."

A wealthy butcher courted Miss D—, who refused him. The Judge, on hearing this, said he was astonished at her want of ambition. How so, said her father. "Why, she refuses to be a princess of the Blood."

On board one of the steamboats there was a very beautiful girl whose comeliness and grace attracted much attention. When the bell rang for the passengers to pay their money, a stranger asked what it was for, and was told it was the bell for the money. "No," said Mr. H. pointing to the girl, "there is the belle for the money."

A lady whose virtue, like Emilia's, "hung rather loosely on her," and who had been thrown into a fever by various strictures on her character, had mentioned, in the presence of Mr. H. that she intended visiting Bedford Springs, for the benefit of her health. "Madam," said the judge, "if there is any virtue in the Bedford water, I recommend you to drink largely, as no one can want it more."

In visiting some county court, he stepped into the Session-Room just as a young lawyer, named *Bullit*, was closing a long harangue, in which he exhibited symptoms of great fatigue. Some one asked the Judge what he thought of Mr. *Bullit's* speech: "Pho! (said the Judge) nothing but a spent Bull!"

A rich and beautiful heiress married a young man of talents, but without wealth, whose name was *Salmon*. Her relations were much displeased at the match; one of them was talking of it to Mr. H. who drily answered: "All I can say about the lady, is expressed in a line of Horace—

"Desmit in piscem mulier formosa superne"

Speaking of Mr. C—, who was much visited on account of his epicurean dinners, but who was an intolerably stupid proser, the Judge sarcastically observed—"we eat him, but we can't digest him."

He used to say that "Bracebridge Hall" was written with the worn-out pen of the Sketch Book.

The Emperor of Russia has presented to Count Woronsow, commanding the army that took Varna, a golden sword, inscribed—"for the taking of Varna." In an hour of peril, the gallant commander would, we imagine, gladly exchange this gold for iron.

We saw yesterday, says the National Gazette, with much pleasure, in the room of Mr. Lownes, silver smith, in Chesnut street, nearly opposite to the Bank of the United States, the magnificent Sword which was voted by the state of Tennessee to Major General William Carroll, and which General Cadwalader was requested to have made here. It is a beautiful and truly skilful piece of workmanship, and does much credit to the establishment of Mr. Lownes. The sword is completely mounted with gold finely wrought, and the inscriptions on the blade are executed with equal distinctness and elegance. On one side are these words—"Presented by the State of Tennessee to Major General Carroll as a testimony of high respect for his services;" on the other—"New Orleans, 8th of January 1815."

Mr. Adams has written a long letter in reply to those gentlemen, who called on him for proof of the treasonable designs, which he recently ascribed to the leaders of the old Federal party in New England. The letter is to be published, and will, without doubt, expose some important matters to the public, of which the politicians of yesterday and to day have little suspicion.

### THE ARIEL.

PHILADELPHIA, FEBRUARY 7.

The receipts at the Walnut Street Theatre, on the night of Mr. Forrest's benefit, Monday week, amounted to 1,528 dollars. When it is considered that the admission to the boxes in this house is only 75 cents, the number of persons present, must have been very great. It may not be unfair to estimate them at three thousand, and hundreds, it is said, went away, not being able to obtain admission.

A correspondent, whom we recognize as a Philadelphian, sends us a string of puns on his own affairs, and the incidents of his life. We have room only for the following. One night, it seems, his garret caught fire, and he was almost scorched to death before the engines came—leaping down the stairway, exclaimed to himself, "adieu to these hide-roast-attics." He compares the statue of William Penn, in the Hospital yard, to the *Centaur of Gravity*; and says, very properly of the drinking room of the Chesnut Street Theatre, in the third story, that it is an excellent dram-attic repository.

*Military Execution.*—There is a striking representation of this spectacle, in the shop-window of the Messrs. Harts, near the corner of Third and Dock streets, where we have often tarried for a moment to gaze at the many comical and amusing caricatures, as well as beautiful and highly finished engravings which it presents. There are two or three, which for truth and beauty we have seldom seen surpassed. The several illustrations of *Ivanhoe* are finely executed. The thrilling scenes in which the high-minded Rebecca, the Jewess, held so conspicuous a part—at the castle of *Front de Bauf*, and elsewhere, which no one who has read *Ivanhoe*, the *chef d'oeuvre* of Sir Walter, can forget, are given with a touch as from nature itself. But the best thing we have seen is the *Military Execution*. The *executions* are drawn up in single file, with their muskets pointed at the victim, who is upon his knees at a distance,—his collar open—his coat and waistcoat by his side.—There is a steadiness of purpose—a manly fortitude in his eye, as he looks towards the deadly weapons. With his left hand, he is turning away his faithful dog, who appears to feel, by instinct, the distressed situation of his master. There is real sorrow depicted in the countenance of the affectionate animal, as his caresses are forbidden—and, as a whole, it is calculated to inspire one with a momentary sadness and pity.

*National Gratitude—a humbug.*—We published in a late paper the petition of Peter Francisco, now before Congress, praying for a trifling sum of money, in compensation for his important services, to smooth his passage to the grave. This man performed wonders. He saved his commander's life on one occasion, and on another, beat off or killed a party of six British horse, who attempted to plunder a farm house. Francisco happened not to be a soldier—that is, he was neither a volunteer nor a regular, but was merely a servant to one who *was* a soldier. This circumstance now cuts him off from all hope of a pension! Verily, the principle which actuates the government of this country in rewarding services of this kind—and indeed of every kind—is of the most beggarly character. No encouragement whatever is held out for its citizens to turn their energies and fortunes to its service, because, in nine cases out of ten, they are sure to be returned with neglect more cutting than insult, and with ingratitude more base than robbery. If Francisco had rendered but a tenth part of the services to the British government which he rendered to ours, the closing years of his existence would be gilded with the sunshine of a pension and a title from his grateful country. But in such cases England is liberal to a fault. Yet to this very principle of encouraging bravery by rewarding it, half its glory may be traced; and the long list of patriots and sages which adorns its career, may have found their noble determination to serve their country, to have its origin in the knowledge that a sure reward would wait upon their efforts. How different the case with poor Francisco! He is now nearly ninety years old—he asks the nation whose liberty he assisted to establish, for bread, and he receives not even a stone! Such, alas! is the gratitude of the United States. It is idle to refer to money given to Lafayette. That is but a solitary instance. He enlisted in our cause the energies of a mighty nation—and if he had received a million, it would still have been a million less than he deserved. It was well, indeed, that this country gave him something. She needed some act of liberality (beggarly as was even that act) to stand out in defence of her numberless unpardonable instances of wicked coldness to her most deserving warriors and patriots. The desolation of the poor, persecuted, veteran St. Clair, dying of starvation and neglect among the woods and rocks of the Alleghenies, and the cruel indifference with which the government looked on and saw Robert Morris removed on a sick bed, from the dungeons of a prison in Philadelphia, that it might not be said he *died* in jail, will stand immortal monuments of national ingratitude, and need a long and liberal giving out of public treasure, to prevent the mind recurring to such instances of unexampled baseness.

*Cash Plenty Somewhere.*—About two weeks ago, the Governor of this state advertised for a loan of \$800,000, for the purposes of internal improvement. About a week after the proposals had been issued, it was taken up, at an interest of five per cent., by sundry brokers of this city. The loan is not redeemable until the year 1854.

*The Bower of Taste.*—The numbers of the second volume of this interesting periodical have reached us. Its appearance is very materially improved, and, so far, we think the matter of the present volume better than that of the first. The Bower is edited by Mrs. Katharine A. Ware, and is published at Boston once in two weeks, each number containing thirty-two octavo pages, at three dollars yearly. The work will be occasionally embellished with engravings. One has already appeared in the present volume, and it is one of the prettiest lithographs we ever saw—even the windows of our Chesnut Street print shops afford but few better specimens of that beautiful art—and they contain the choicest efforts of Parisian lithographs, at present the most perfect that are made. With the present style and manner of getting out the Bower, we have no doubt its sub-

scribers will be perfectly satisfied. Our only wonder will be how they can be *dissatisfied*. We wish the gifted priestess of the Bower a constant accession of unfading flowers to adorn its trellaces, and a steady breeze of public approbation to maintain them in perpetual bloom.

*Our Climate no warmer than formerly.*—An opinion generally prevails, that our winters, of late years, are becoming more mild as the country grows older. This belief obtains currency more because people's memories fail them, and they cannot remember how cold the winters were a few years ago. The fact is, when this country was first settled, the winters were as mild as at the present day. In February 1714, flowers were seen in the woods of Pennsylvania; and Wm. Penn says that in "1681 the winter was mild, scarcely any ice at all." The next one was cold—and so it is now. We have a cold winter, and then a mild one—and, people forgetting how cold it was the last year, wonder at, and talk about the "mildness of our modern winters."

*Pauperism in New York.*—The sum annually paid for the support of paupers in New York city, is an hundred thousand dollars! In 1827, there were 1665 paupers—in 1828, 2129—an increase of 23 per cent., or more than one-fourth. This alarming increase is attributed to the great influx of foreigners, of whom 33,000 arrived in N. York during the last two years, many of which, without doubt, soon became dependent on the city for support. Another cause is found in the vast number of *dram shops*, those everlasting nurseries of drunkenness, disease, and beggary. Of these, the city contains upwards of 3300! or one to every 60 inhabitants. From such causes, such results may always be expected. In Philadelphia, drunkenness has very sensibly diminished within the last ten years. Formerly, a dozen drunkards lying about our pavements was an every-day sight. Now the case is very different; an object of the kind not exhibiting itself once in a week.

When some persons, with petitions in their hands for the stoppage of the mails on Sunday, called on the richest merchant in Philadelphia, the other day, for his signature, after looking at the paper for a moment, he replied: "Gentlemen, you may take this petition back to Mr. —, who sent you here with it, and tell him, that when he will consent to stop *all interest*, on Sunday, I will sign this; and not *till* then." The bearers of the paper left his counting house on the instant.

*Theatricals.*—Some of our readers, no doubt, take an interest in theatrical affairs, and we would fain give them all the information in our power—though we really think time would be better spent in reading a good book, or studying the scientific part of our profession. We are not such bigots as to object entirely to theatres—they form a very pleasant retreat, occasionally, for the man of business, wearied with the thousand cares of life, and when reasonably indulged in, are innocent. The opening of the Walnut Street Theatre has been an excellent speculation, unlike the Arch Street—which seems likely to continue closed. In consequence of the popularity of the Walnut Street Company, old Chesnut Street has had a poor season, and closed its doors on Thursday evening, the Company having gone to Baltimore.

The last performance was the "Bottle Imp," a play founded on a German legend, that an imp, or devil, is confined in a bottle, the possessor of which can procure, by a wish, whatever he wants; but he is doomed to go to "old Scratch," if he is the owner of the bottle at his death, and the same penalty is attached to its possessor, should he sell it for the same or more than it cost him. Every possessor is therefore extremely anxious to part with it, and it is sold for less and less every time. Jefferson buys it of his master for three ducats, unconscious that he has got such a bargain, and his treatment of his prize, after finding the real

nature of its contents, with his efforts to sell it, are ludicrous in the extreme. It passes on from one to another possessor, however, till, finally, it is sold for the smallest coin in the world, and the owner of course cannot sell it for less. He is informed against and treated to a visit to the dungeon of the Inquisition, to display whose deep recesses the piece seems to have been produced. The scenery is excellent, and our citizens have good reason to rejoice that the Inquisition has never visited our happy country. The piece was played twice to thin audiences. Messrs. Pratt and Wemyss have left Philadelphia with no very favorable impressions of their *management*.

*Sunday Mails.*—It will be gratifying to very many of our readers to know that Congress have promptly set their faces against the shoals of petitions which poured in, praying that the mails might be stopped on Sunday, and all post offices closed. The reasons given are remarkably correct and forcible, and we take great pleasure in laying them before our readers. They are as follows:—

The various departments of government require frequently in peace, always in war, the speediest intercourse with the remotest parts of the country; and one important object of the mail establishment is to furnish the greatest and most economical facilities for such intercourse. The delay of the mails one day in seven would require the employment of special expresses, at great expense, and sometimes with great uncertainty. The commercial, manufacturing, and agricultural interests of our country are so immediately connected as to require a constant and the most expeditious correspondence betwixt all our sea-ports, and betwixt them and our most interior settlements. The delay of the mails during Sunday would give occasion to the employment of private expresses, to such an amount that probably ten riders would be employed where one mail stage is now running on that day; thus diverging the revenue of that department into another channel, and sinking the establishment into a state of pusillanimity, incompatible with the dignity of the government of which it is a department. Passengers in mail stages, if the mails are not permitted to proceed on Sunday, will be expected to spend that day in a tavern upon the road, generally under circumstances not friendly to devotion, and at an expense which many are but poorly able to encounter. To obviate these difficulties, many will employ extra carriages for their conveyance, and become the bearers of correspondence, as more expeditious than the mail. The stage proprietors will themselves often furnish the travellers with those means of conveyance, so that the effect will ultimately be only to stop the mail, while the vehicle which conveys it will continue, and its passengers become the special messengers for conveying a considerable portion of what would otherwise constitute the contents of the mail.

*KITCHEN ECONOMY.*—A friend has mentioned to us an improvement in kitchen economy which we think deserving of notice.—It may be called an *iron back log*, and is cast hollow to contain water. A small leaden leader, is attached to iron cylinder, which is placed at the bottom of a wood fire, and connected with a cask or tub of water near the fire place, or in any convenient part of the room. The family may thus have a constant supply of hot water, without incumbering the fire-place, and with much less than the ordinary consumption of fuel for that purpose.—*Long Island Star.*



We shall be glad to hear frequently from the author of "The Convict's Complaint."

FOR THE ARIEL.

### THE CONVICT'S COMPLAINT.

Adieu forever! thou delightful isle!  
Where I have squandered youth's romantic years,  
Unknown to secret misery and tears,  
And sought the blandishments of Fortune's smile.  
O, how shall I the threat'ning storm beguile  
That scowls upon me?—How elude the fears  
That shake the boldest of my bold compeers,  
Or stretch these nerveless arms to slavery's toil?  
My dearest friends now vainly plead for me,  
To power, in vain, are all my prayers preferred!—  
Loud roar the surges of the blustering sea,  
And in the gale what dying moans are heard!  
Extend thine arm, propitious heaven!—and wrest  
The vital spark from this tumultuous breast.

N—n.

### ITALIAN GIRL'S HYMN TO THE VIRGIN.

By Mrs. Hemans.

In the deep hour of dreams,  
Thro' the dark woods, and past the morning sea,  
And by the starlight gleams,  
Mother of Sorrows! O, I come to thee.

Unto thy shrine I bear  
Night blowing flowers, like my own heart to be,  
All, all unfolded there,  
Beneath the meekness of thy pitying eye.

For thou, that once didst move,  
In thy still beauty, through an earthly home,  
Thou know'st the grief, the love,  
The fear of woman's soul;—to thee I come.

Many, and sad, and deep,  
Were the thoughts folded in thy silent breast,  
Thou too couldst watch and weep—  
Hear, gentlest Mother! hear a heart oppress!

There is a wandering bark,  
Bearing one from me o'er the restless wave;  
Oh! let thy soft eye mark  
His course—be with him, Holiest, guide and save!

My soul is on that way,  
My thoughts are travellers o'er the waters dim;  
Through the long weary day  
I walk, o'ershadowed by vain dreams of him.

Aid him, and me too, aid!  
Oh! 'tis not well, this earthly love's excess!  
On thy weak child is laid  
The burthen of too deep a tenderness.

Too much o'er him is poured  
My being's hope—scarce leaving Heaven a part;  
Too fearfully adored,  
Oh! make not him the chastener of my heart!

I tremble with a sense  
Of grief to be—I hear a warning low—  
Sweet Mother! call me hence;  
This wild idolatry must end in woe.

The troubled joy of life,  
Love's lightning happiness, my soul hath known,  
And worn with feverish strife,  
Would fold its wings—take back, take back thine own!

Hark how the wind swept by!  
The tempest's voice comes rolling o'er the wave—  
Hope of the sailor's eye  
And maiden's heart, blest Mother, guide and save!

Hon. David Crocket, member of Congress from Tennessee, who has been made the hero of a most laughing story, by a waggish Kentucky editor, has taken that matter so seriously to heart as to publish certificates of his conduct on the occasion alluded to. Mr. Clark of Kentucky, and Mr. Verplanck of New York, have both certified that his conduct at the President's house was "marked with the strictest propriety." We are told that Mr. Crocket is a sensible man, but suppose it is true that he has something of the "half horse half alligator" in his manners. The *Middlesex Gazette* noticing him in the following manner, gives something betwixt a caricature and a true picture of Mr. Crocket and a large portion of his constituents:

"In some of the western states great

muscular force is an indispensable requisite in a successful candidate for public favor. This Mr. Crocket, or as he is familiarly termed, Davy, possessed in an extraordinary degree;—and while his competitor was *telling* the people of his great merits, Davy was giving practical evidence of his by *grubbing* up a stump which two ordinary men would have abandoned in despair. This striking demonstration of statesman-like qualities was irresistible to the yeomanry of Tennessee, and the election of our worthy Davy was carried by acclamation. While on his way to Washington he assured his companions that he could wade the Mississippi with a steamboat on his back, whip his weight in wildcats, and 'ride a streak of lightning bare-backed.' Davy is the man who proposed to whip all the animals in a menagerie, consisting of a lion, a parcel of monkeys, and a zebra. On a certain occasion he said he intended to speak in the House of Representatives, for he saw no reason for being diffident, as he could flog any man in it."

PICTURE ANECDOTE.—"As I am upon the subject of painting, I will mention to you an anecdote, which I heard related by Hoffland, (a celebrated landscape composer,) regarding two of the finest pictures which are in this, or any other country; they are the works of the immortal Claude. A nobleman, whose name I now forget, purchased them in Italy, and sent them over to England, directed to a friend, with instructions for him to pay the duty upon them, which amounted to £27, 10s. and to preserve them carefully until his return. These instructions the friend never received; and when the pictures were landed at Dover, nobody being there to make any inquiries about them, they were seized by the officers of the port for non-payment of the duty, and were put up to public auction, as is customary in these cases, for that purpose. Strange to say, there was no one who had discernment enough to see the merits of these stupendous productions, and the pictures were fortunately drawn in unsold; £17 being the greatest offer for them. Shortly after this, the nobleman arrived in England, and instantly wrote to his friend about his property. You may imagine by the sequel, what was his surprise, when his friend returned for answer that he was extremely sorry to say that he was entirely ignorant of such things existing. The thought which struck him first, was to proceed to the landing place, Dover; and after several inquiries, he at last found his treasures thrown by in an old ware-room, amidst a heap of confiscated rubbish. He paid the £27, 10s. joyfully, and the pictures were given up to him. Two years after this, those pictures were put up for sale, and purchased by Mr. Beckford, of Fonthill Abbey, for 12,000 guineas, when that gentleman sold his magnificent domain to Farquhar, the pictures were taken along with it, for the original price, and when the latter died, they were again put to the hammer, and bought by Angerstein, for an advance of 3000 guineas, making the sum 15,000 guineas; and when his collection was purchased by Government, as public property, they were taken at a valuation of 16,000 guineas, and they are, at this moment, the most splendid ornaments in the British Gallery."

A proposition before the Legislature of Rhode Island for a law to restrain cows from going at large, has been referred to Messrs. Bull and Steere.

ADVENTURES OF A HOG.—In the Lebanon Ohio Star, we find the following adventures of a hog:

Mr. Gideon Long, of Butler county, raised a hog which he sold a few weeks since to John Denman, of his neighborhood, for *sixty-six* dollars. He was shortly afterwards offered forty dollars for his bargain; but determining to take it to Cincinnati, he put it on board of a canal boat for that place. On his route, without his knowledge, the hands on board exhibited it as a show, charging 6½ cents for a sight. When he arrived at this city, an immense crowd visited it and paid for the sight. After keeping it for some time he was offered \$300 for the hog, agreed to take it, and received \$150 on the contract. But it was not to be delivered until the whole was paid, and while waiting for the balance, it was secretly conveyed away. Mr. Denman determining to pursue the noble animal, embarked on board a steamboat and followed it to Louisville, where he had the satisfaction of finding his hog. It had been exhibited some time to great advantage. Taking possession of the hog, Mr. Denman descended the river with it several hundred miles, and finally sold it for three hundred and sixty dollars; having realized from it, in all, eight or nine hundred dollars. It weighed twelve hundred and sixty pounds, and in his route Mr. Denman was offered \$2500 for it safely delivered in New York. The purchaser it is expected, will undertake its transportation to the eastern cities, to show the Yankees what sort of hogs we raise in Ohio.

TOO KEEN FOR A COUNSELLOR.—A highwayman meeting a counsellor in his chariot on the Surry road, presented a blunderbuss and demanded him money, with the usual compliment. The gentleman readily surrendered about 60 guineas, but kindly told the thief that for his own safety, he had better put the robbery on the footing of an exchange, by selling him the blunderbuss for what he had just taken from him. "With all my heart," said the highwayman, and gave it to the advocate, who instantly turned the muzzle, and told him that if he did not immediately re-deliver his purse, he would shoot him! "That you may if you can," replied Turpin, "for I promise you it is not loaded." and rode off very coolly with his booty.

In Mississippi, some years since, a court commenced a session, but was obliged to adjourn for several successive days on account of the absence of the Jury.—One morning the Sheriff came into Court, and told the judges that he should probably have the Jurymen ready by the following day, 'for,' said he, 'we have run down ten of them, and have got them tied up in the shed; and two deputies and four dogs are after the others, and they expect to catch them this afternoon.'

RARE INSTANCE.—Not a single death occurred in the first Parish, in Newton, Mass, during a whole year ending Nov. 6, 1828. Two hours after the year closed a young man died of a fever.

A reverend doctor of divinity, of very ghostly appearance, was one day accosted by a vulgar fellow, who, after eyeing him from head to foot, at last said—"Well, doctor, I hope you have taken care of your own soul." Why, my friend," said the amiable shadow, "why should you be so anxious that I should take care of my own soul?" "Because," replied the other, "I can tell you that your *body* is not worth caring for."

## THE FALLS OF THE HOUSATONICK.

By J. H. Nichols.

Wild cataract of the woods! how bright  
Thy sheet of liquid silver gleams,  
Through the green cedars, on my sight,  
Like a tall angel's spear in dreams.  
And see the snowy wreath of spray,  
Meet for a spotless virgin's shroud,  
Curl up the clear blue vault away  
To form the future tempest-cloud.

Through mountain shores, with red and gold  
Leaves, at this autumn hour, array'd,  
Winds the swift river, dark and bold,  
O'er rocks in many a white cascade.  
Till sweeping past, 'mid froth and surge,  
The alder islets strewn around,  
To where the willows kiss thy verge,  
Thou dashest off at one wild bound!

Here, as we gaze—I and my friend,  
Two youths with roses on our cheeks,  
'Tis sweet, but awful, thus to bend  
Over the wonder, as it speaks  
Like a young earthquake, and to feel  
A nameless grandeur swell the soul  
With joy that makes the senses reel,  
Half-wishing in the flood to roll!

Yes, thou art fair, and fain would I,  
Were mine no love, so kindred true,  
Alone here live, alone here die,  
Were I but worthy too of you,  
For oh! were mortals half so fair  
And beautiful as their abodes,  
Woman a cherub's face would wear,  
And man—the majesty of gods.

Each morning sun a rainbow builds  
Of pink across thy diamond foam,  
That every tossing billow gilds  
With pearls, to deck its ocean home.  
Too soon it fades, unseen by all,  
Save the rude woodman of the hill,  
Or, when for water to the fall,  
Trips the glad damsel of the mill.

Methinks, at winter's dazzling night,  
Thine were a lovelier scene than now,  
For then the very air is white  
With the pure stars and purer snow.  
And trees, like chrysal chandeliers,  
In nature's blue cathedral arch,  
Light by the moon their gems of tears  
Where, like a queen-bride, thou dost march.

And, oft, with a peculiar awe,  
Thou com'st the moon-green rocks to lash:  
When the soft vernal breezes thaw  
The long chain'd river, at one crash  
Of thunder, it breaks up and roars,  
Till each echoing cavern wakes from sleep,  
As a mammoth's voice,—and pours  
An ice-pil'd deluge down thy steep.

Fall of the forest! on a wild  
Romantic pilgrimage I come  
To see thy face, for, from a child,  
My footsteps ever lov'd to roam  
Places untrod—yet, why hast thou,  
In sylvan beauty, roll'd so long,  
And not a poet's tongue, ere now,  
Has told his lyre thy praise in song.

## THE COMMON LOT.

By Montgomery.

Once, in the flight of ages past,  
There liv'd a man; and who was he?  
Mortal! how'er thy lot be cast,  
That man resembles thee.

Unknown the region of his birth,  
The land in which he died unknown;  
His name has perish'd from the earth;  
This truth survives alone:

That joy, and grief, and hope, and fear,  
Alternate triumphed in his breast;  
His bliss and woe,—a smile, a tear;  
Oblivion hides the rest.

The bounding pulse, the languid limb,  
The changing spirit's rise and fall;  
We know that these were felt by him,  
For these were felt by all.

He suffer'd, but his pangs are o'er;  
Enjoy'd, but his delights are fled;  
Had friends; his friends are now no more;  
And foes; his foes are dead.

He lov'd; but whom he lov'd, the grave  
Hath lost in its unconscious womb:

O! she was fair! but not could save  
Her beauty from the tomb.

The rolling seasons, day and night,  
Sun, moon, and stars, the earth and main,  
Ere-while his portion, life, and light,  
To him exist in vain.

He saw whatever thou hast seen,  
Encounter'd all that troubles thee;  
He was—whatever thou hast been;  
He is—what thou shalt be.

The clouds and sun-beams, o'er his eye,  
That once their shades and glory threw,  
Have left in yonder silent sky,  
No vestige where they flew.

The annals of the human race,  
Their ruins, since the world began,  
Of him afford no other trace  
Than this,—there liv'd a man!

From a Lausanne Paper.

## REMARKABLE LONGEVITY.

It is now some days that we have had at Lausanne a woman, of whom the *Geneva Journal* has already spoken, and who is a most remarkable phenomenon of longevity. Elizabeth, daughter of Claude Thomas and of Anne Metral, was christened in the parish of Villaroux, three leagues distant from Chambery, the 17th December, 1714. She has been married twice, the second time at the age of 66, to a man named Durieux, aged 25, and whose name she goes by. They lived thirteen years together without having had any issue. During the interval between the first and second marriages, she was for seven years courier to a prince at Milan, under the name of Antoine. No one suspected her sex during that time, and her health did not suffer in the least from the fatiguing duties of her service. On first appearance one would not suppose her to be older than 65. She is of the middle stature, and age has not made her stoop in the least. She is lively, gay, robust, and healthy, and she is vain of the fact of having dispensed with the services of a physician throughout her life, and of never having experienced the slightest indisposition. She takes long walks, is unacquainted with fatigue, and asserts that the physicians attached to the Royal Family of France, to whom she had the honor of being presented in 1827, have told her that she will yet live 30 years.

I have observed her very attentively, and have found in her all signs which indicate very great age, but with a general state of preservation which surpasses all conception. The skin is wrinkled in a peculiar manner; in the front part of the neck, and upper part of the chest especially, a kind of pad has been formed by the number and the death of the wrinkles. I have met with nothing similar in the oldest persons I have seen till now. At the back of the neck there are long and deep lines, some of which form three long and very distinct Roman X's. The aspect of the whole skin, the habits of the body, the bony workings of the skeleton, as far as they are distinguishable, evince her age still better than the documents which she possesses to that effect, however authentic and regular. At the age of fifty she lost all her hair; it grew again, and is now gray and abundant. She became deprived of the whole of her lower teeth without any pain, but she has fragments of some in her upper jaw. Her pulse is so regular as to have astonished, according to her account, every medical man; in visiting it, I counted several times 80 throbs per minute, without variation. She hardly takes any sleep, and spends the greater part of the night in praying and singing; in the morning she slumbers an hour or two at most, and her mind becomes de-

pressed if her sleep has been at all deep. Her sight has become weakened since two years, in consequence of a cataract having come in her left eye, and one now coming in her right: this is her only infirmity. The taste, the touch, the smell, and the hearing, are in a perfect state, and she has neither oppressiveness nor trembling. Her memory is prodigious, and she relates remote facts with the most accurate minuteness. Her chief nourishment is coffee, considerably sweetened. As it is frequently offered to her, and she never declines it, she has assured me that she frequently takes as much of it as thirty or forty small cups a day. She eats little bread, and drinks little wine, and she uses no meat. She does not live secluded, but, on the contrary, is frequently to be seen in the streets, generally on foot. She is constantly visiting the neighboring country houses, as well as those in the city of the most select kind; and every one makes it a practice to present her with something, in consideration of her great age and misfortunes. She never asks, but accepts with gratitude. She will leave this city in the course of a few days for Berne.

The following letter from General Jackson, is in reply to an invitation from the Legislature of this state, to visit Harrisburg, on his way to Washington.

"Near Nashville, Dec. 30th, 1828.

"Gentlemen—It having pleased the author of all mercies, by a late dispensation of his providence, to remove from this world the stay and solace of my life, feelings, of which I need not attempt the description, compel me to decline the invitation with which the members of the Pennsylvania legislature, friendly to my election, have honored me. I am not however, even in this hour of affliction, insensible to your kindness; and I cannot but feel obliged to you, gentlemen, for the polite and favored terms in which you have communicated it to me in your letter of the 8th inst. The obligations I owe to the people and the legislature of Pennsylvania, for repeated evidences of genuine partiality and support, impress me with a sense of gratitude and deference for that great and patriotic state, which in every vicissitude of life, I shall cherish; and which under less mournful circumstances I should be proud to manifest by attending at her capital, and paying my respects in person to her citizens.

Have the goodness gentlemen, to convey to your associates, and to accept for yourselves, the respectful assurances of my sincere esteem.

I am very respectfully, your obedient serv't.

ANDREW JACKSON.

Two men of fashion meeting a beautiful lady in a narrow thoroughfare of Glasgow, her ear caught the following observations: "I protest, Bobby, this place is as narrow as Balam's Passage," (a lane in Glasgow.) "Yes," said his companion, "and like Balam, I am stopped by an angel."—"And I," replied the lady, "by the ass."

## THE ARIEL

Is published every other Saturday, by Edmund Morris, No. 63, Spruce Street, Philadelphia, at \$1 50 per annum, in advance.

Every third number will be embellished with a handsome quarto copperplate engraving. Subscribers out of the city will have their papers deposited in the post office the evening prior to publication, so as to reach them by the earliest mails.

Any person who will procure seven subscribers, and remit \$10, at the editor's risk, shall receive an eighth copy for his trouble. Orders for copies thankfully received. All letters must be post paid.